



THE PENDULUM

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CANTON HIGH SCHOOL
MARCH 1902

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THE PENDULUM

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EDITORIALS.

Yes, we all know it—term examinations begin soon, but cheer up, after they are over comes vacation. "A long week to get rested and ready for good hard work in the last term," so runs a familiar saying, but in reality, to cram as much good time into as possible so that you come back to school to get rested. Almost two-thirds of the school year have passed, so those who are trusting to their last term's work to tide them over the pass mark had better begin their studying soon. It doesn't pay to neglect study three-fourths of the year and then "make it up" the last fourth by "plugging." But listen to the echo from the Freshman class "Think of the fun you're having!"



What a pleasant surprise it was to read the Superintendent's advice in the town report! Just think of it, a new high school, with a manual training room and a lunch room! Is it really coming in the very near future? It seems too good to

be true, doesn't it? It would exactly express our feelings to quote the epitaph on the small boy's gravestone, "Expected it, but not so soon." Nothing good ever happened without a grumbler turned up in its midst. Said a disconsolate Senior, "Yes, new high school and *I'm* gone. Of course, the only kind of luck I ever had was bad luck."



We might almost call this the "Freshman Edition" of the Pendulum, might we not? One Senior and two Juniors have contributed, and all the other contributors are Freshmen and all are girls at that. Boys, where are you? Good luck to the girls in the Freshman class. We wish there were more like them.

March.

"See breezy March go tearing round."

When the year comes round to March we immediately think of spring and sigh for the beautiful days to come again; but very often they do not come as soon as we would have them. For if March comes in like a lamb, it only means to go out like a lion.

Everything comes to life in this month, the sap begins to flow, the alders shake out their curls and the pussy-willows put on their catkins. The ice melts on the ponds and brooks and their waters sparkle in the spring sunshine. Nature believes in the "wearing of the green" as heartily as any Irishman, and as St. Patrick's Day comes in March it seems quite appropriate.

There are no national holidays, but Easter Sunday often comes in the month.

The saying "mad as a March hare" originated in the fact that in March the hares are particularly playful as well as quarrelsome.

Soon the craze for marbles begins and everywhere groups of boys are engaged in

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that fascinating sport. The girls are not to be outdone, and soon jump ropes are in use.

The birthstone for March is the bloodstone, which, it is believed, insures to the wearer courage and wisdom.

CHARLOTTE DRAPER, '05.

A Greek Conception of Spring.

There is an interesting legend which has come down from the ancient Greeks.

They believed that Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, had a beautiful daughter, Proserpina. One day, as Proserpina and her friends were gathering flowers, Pluto, the god of the Underworld, emerged from the earth, and being charmed with the beautiful maiden, seized her and took her into the Infernal Regions to dwell with him.

But Ceres, when she heard of this, immediately turned to Jupiter, god of Heaven and Earth, and besought him to make Pluto give up his beautiful queen. Jupiter promised that Proserpina should be safely restored to her, if she had not eaten any food during her sojourn in Hades.

Very unfortunately, Proserpina had been tempted by the fruit of a graceful pomegranate tree and had eaten seven of the seeds from the fruit; therefore, Jupiter would only permit Proserpina to be in the Upper World through one half of the year, the other half year being spent with her husband.

The imaginative Greeks thought that Ceres—like any fond mother—clothed the earth with beautiful fresh leaves, flowers and grass, each year at the season when Proserpina would return to her, that when Proserpina came from her dark abode she might behold the earth in its most charming garb.

The earth remained bright and cheerful until autumn came, when Proserpina must say farewell and leave her sorrowing mother.

While Ceres grieved for her daughter she allowed the earth to become cold and gloomy, but with the prospect of another visit from Proserpina she became happier and busied herself preparing for her daughter's return. She caused small buds to grow on the twigs of trees, which from late autumn until early spring continually increased in size; then, as spring drew near, she caused the snows to melt and warm April showers to splash gently on the little buds and awaken a new life in them.

When Pluto released his bride, Ceres made the fresh leaves and blossoms burst from the little buds and set all nature singing to a merry tune.

Although people of these modern times no longer believe this myth to be true, as a poetical explanation of spring's return we find it no less pleasing.

ETHEL D. HALL, '05.

Notes About School.

Someone (in the senior class) declares that it brings on *heart* trouble to write notes.

(Comment)—Especially to girls in the freshman class.

INFORMATION WANTED!

Person or persons knowing anything about the *12th Commandment*, please communicate with the senior class.

ANDROMACHE TO ASCANIUS

(Æneid III., 486).

"Dear boy, receive these gifts from me,
Which my own hand have wrought for thee,
And gazing on them may you see
The love of sad Andromache.
This chlamys cloak of Phrygian make,
Woven with gold for thy dear sake"
(Sometimes omitted).

"And next a gift, which you should know
Is priceless, and where ere you go
Take with you, for none can bestow
Gift better than *Sapolio*."

Teacher (reprovingly)—Come, come, boys.

Boys (rising together)—Yes 'm. Where?

Please, where's '04?

The C. H. S. Alphabet.

A is for Algebra, known to us all,
B is for what ? Why, of course, Basket Ball.
C stands for Canton High School (loud applause),
D is De Vault, its chief maker of laws.
E is Miss Endicott, stately and tall,
F is for Freshmen, so (socially) small.
G is Geology, isn't it hard ?
H is for Honor, as seen on the card.
I is for Imp, for mischief he cares,
J is for Juniors ; don't they put on airs !
K is for Kindness, we get lots of that,
L stands for Latin, amo—mas and mat.
M is MacDonald, whom Tuesdays we see,
N is for Nickerson, editor she.
O stands for Order, the best in the state,
P is our PENDULUM, quite up to date.
Q is for Questions, they'd turn your hair gray,
R is Miss Robinson, Thursday's her day.
S stands for Senior, and Sophomore, too,
T is this Term, which is only half through.
U is United, all friends and no foes,
V is Vacation, how quickly it goes !
W 's Miss Williams, our teacher well known,
X-aminations, with sighs and a groan.
Y is for Youths, some short and some tall,
Z is for Zero, just nothing at all.

EVELYN J. HAMANT, '05.

Our Play.

We had become greatly interested in the "Merchant of Venice" which we were studying, and when one of our number (who had been so fortunate as to see Irving and Ellen Terry playing at the time in Boston), came rushing down stairs, three steps at a time, one morning, crying, "Girls we must play it!" of course that settled it.

In the end however, we decided only to attempt the "trial scene" and as the school year was drawing to a close we hoped, if all went well, we might be allowed to give it as a graduation "send off."

The rehearsal began, and provided with books, we went one evening to Shylock's home, our "Court of Justice" being a grassy grove back of the house.

Our first difficulty came in assigning parts for, as it happened, there were more parts than there were players, but, not discouraged, we concluded to make one person play several roles.

We had most of us come with the notion in our heads that rehearsing was chiefly fun, but the manager (Shylock) was very serious, and informed us that it meant, on the contrary, "lots of hard work."

At last we got started, that is to say, after much coaxing, the Duke (grinning like a monkey) was prevailed upon to stand on a bench and recite all she knew. It certainly was hard work, trying to look sober, while Gratiano kept running about saying things she thought were funny, while Portia (trying not to laugh) would send her off with, "Oh stop it! S—." But Shylock's acting was beyond reproach; she took to her part as though born to it, but in spite of her own good advice "not to laugh," always brought the merriment to a climax by ending her parts with —

"Goller buddons, szhoo sdrings vovdn't you ligke der buy zome der-day?"

Our one solace during this trying period was the candy dish which proved so great an attraction that it was always empty long before the rehearsal was

ended. When we thought we'd practised long enough without the help of our teacher, we told her of our plans and one afternoon, having taken possession of the school-room, we said our parts before her, and very proud of ourselves we felt when it was over to hear "very good, indeed." With her consent a day was set for a public performance.

On the night before the eventful day, we decided, after much whispering, to come bright and early next morning; but only a few kept their promise.

These few spent their time in taking a last peep at their parts and arranging the stage, which was a grassy slope near the pond behind the school-house.

The stage arrangements were very simple, consisting of four chairs, and a table upon which was placed pen and ink and the other necessary articles.

Finally we all retired to our dressing room behind a large rock.

Then our troubles began afresh, for we hadn't enough costumes to go around, however after much fussing and fixing we were ready to come on the stage before the audience, composed of our school-mates, only two hours behind the appointed time. Some one in the assembly was heard to remark,

"Late, just as I thought they'd be."

First came the Duke, arrayed in a yellow cambrie gown trimmed with cotton batting to resemble ermine. On her head was a crown of tinsel and roses, while two magnificos held up her train, a red cape fastened around her waist.

Next came Portia, looking well indeed, notwithstanding the fact that she had on a gown so long, she was in constant danger of tripping up.

Tagging on behind came Shylock (who didn't look as if her loss of money troubled her very much) attired in an automobile coat borrowed from one of the audience for the occasion, her braids tied across her chin with plaid ribbons to represent her "beard."

Then the meek-looking Bassanio, followed by the tall, stately merchant Antonio, with Gratiano bubbling over with fun, as usual, bringing up the rear.

We all took our places for the "trial scene." On the table was the scales (borrowed from a neighboring grocer, and warranted to weigh a hundred pounds or more of flesh or any other commodity), one jack-knife, and one very large knife, which, when used by Shylock, caused us all to stand aside. You should have seen her, as she whetted it, her braids wagging back and forth, bending on one knee, and pointing her small fore-finger at the tall Antonio, saying, "To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there."

Portia, alas, made the audience smile in the wrong place for when she came to "The quality of mercy is not strain'd," she was obliged to turn to the Duke and say in a loud whisper, "R — what's next?"

The clerk, all the while, was busily engaged in writing what we shall never know (without the aid of a new alphabet.) She said it was the bond. The only recognizable thing in the whole document, consisting of several pages of hieroglyphics, was a picture of Shylock supposed to represent the seal.

Nobody knows how glad we were to get out of those clothes in which we were really roasting.

Nevertheless the play was a success from the start, being appreciated by the boys especially, who howled their approval, much to the discomfort of the actors, who almost forgot their parts.

And when it was all over there was a grand spread, cake, peanuts, candy, oranges, bananas, lemonade, and all the ice cream we could eat.

Surely, we the actors were well repaid and none of those who witnessed the performance unless, perhaps, those who may have eaten too much, could say with Antonio:

"In sooth,
I know not why I am so sad."

RUTH A. PARKS, '05.

Billy.

FOR SALE.—A white Rocky Mountain goat. Further particulars given on application.

This notice, printed in black letters on a clean, white-washed board nailed to a post, stood on the lawn in front of Mr. Sexton's house.

Mr. Sexton's children had begged to have the sign taken down and let Billy (the goat) remain. But Billy had a record: quite a brilliant one for a goat and so Mr. Sexton was firm.

The goat had been given to the children when he was but a few months old. They fed him on milk and he became a great pet, considering himself a privileged character. However, he could not be trusted. Sometimes he would be very friendly and let you pat him, and then suddenly he would back off, shake his head, stamp his foot and then go for you. Once he chased one of the little boys around the yard, got him in a corner and butted the poor child again and again. Then he slowly walked backwards and when the little one tried to escape, he charged at him again. At length the boy's mother, hearing his screams, rushed out and began poking at Billy (though not very bravely) with a mop which she had snatched up as she left the house.

And yet the children loved Billy.

He annoyed Mr. Sexton particularly by getting into other people's gardens and stripping the bark from all available trees. He was a great help (?) to Mrs. Sexton by kindly pulling down clothes from the clothes line. But Billy was endured for the children's sake.

His last and most brilliant offence decided his fate. One day when the children were all at school as Mrs. Sexton was reading she suddenly thought of Billy. She went out and looked around the yard but could not find him. "Can he be in the house?" she thought; for she knew he was no stranger there. She hurried in and rushed up stairs, straight to her own room. Sure enough there was Billy stand-

ing before her lovely mirror, evidently admiring himself. Knowing Billy as she did, she trembled for the safety of the mirror and started to drive him away. But he, seeing her in the mirror, and apparently coming towards him, gave his signal—an impatient stamp of his foot, an indignant toss of his head—and crash! he had gone through the mirror and shattered it into a thousand pieces. This time he walked back with a violent shaking and stamping and started again for the charge. But now that the mirror was broken, he could see no one. Then, instinctively wheeling around, he beheld Mrs. Sexton in the doorway. With lowered head he rushed at her and she, turning, fled screaming down stairs, Billy following close behind her.

This experience so terrified her that after holding an indignation meeting with Mr. Sexton, it was decided to sell Billy if a purchaser could be found.

Billy was locked up in a strong stall in the barn, the advertisement was placed in a conspicuous place, and Mrs. Sexton is looking forward to a reign of peace when Billy goes—if he does.

NELLIE F. O'LEARY, '03.

Slang and Slangy.

Are you in it?
Do you know it?
All the latest High School slang?
Heard in street,
And heard on trolley,
Anywhere you strike the gang.

"What a corker!"
"That's a daisy!"
"Hulloa there! Say, you're a peach!"
"Ain't that great!"
"A cinch," "dead easy!"
Samples these of High School speech.

But fashions change,
Beware of chestnuts!
(Save the kind that's good to eat)
Discard the old!
Unless the latest
Go way back and take a seat.

But thank your stars
That "nit"'s gone under
"Rubber," too, has vanished, where?
Where is "stretch it?"
Where is "catch it?"
I don't know and I don't care.

Two girls were they,
Scene—trolley car,
Folks looked at them and smiled.
"Hulloa, old boy!"
"Say, how's your heart!"
(Yet you'd not have termed them wild).

'Twas simply slang,
Slang, simply pure,
"High School girls," whispered one,
"No harm they mean,
Nor wrong it seems,
They talk that way for fun!"

But if that way
Just labels us,
Why, surely it is best
"To call a halt!"
To "shake" the habit!
"Swear off" and "take a rest."

SHIRLEY P. LOUD, '05.

An Afternoon Call.

One day in early spring, when the bare birches were taking on a purple tinge, down the street of a little New England village a rather short, stout person might have been seen walking. She paused before every house, and looked at it inquiringly. "Land," she ejaculated, "I didn't know a pusson could fergit so much in such a short time! O hum! How walkin' does take a pusson's breath." Before one house she stopped a long time. It was an old, weather-beaten house, with a gravel path leading from the white gate to the porch. A border on each side of the path indicated that in summer there would be flowers there.

At last she opened the gate, went up the walk to the porch, and knocked on the green door. After waiting a long time on the step she went to one of the side windows and peered in.

"They don't seem to be ter hum," she whispered to herself, "but I'll try once

more." She went back to the door and knocked again. Almost immediately the door opened, and a woman appeared. She stared at the visitor in an uncertain manner, and evidently did not recognize her.

The visitor laughed in an embarrassed way. "I guess you don't remember me, do you, Hope? I'm Almiry Page."

"Why, Almiry! How do you do! Come right in, and take off your bunnit. This is a real surprise."

"Yes," responded Almira, "I thought mebbe you'd enjoy seein' me. I come over from Chester. How are you, an' how's all the folks?"

"Nicely, thank you. Sister Betsey's over to the Jackson girls. I expect her home any minute. I s'pose you remember them?"

"Oh, yes, Lurella and Samantha. I used to be great friends with Samantha. And their brother—who did he marry?"

"Why, don't you recollect? I've got her picture right here somewhere. Oh, yes, here 'tis in the album. Wouldn't you like to see it? Here, you set on the sofa, an' then we can both see it together. This first is Sam Jackson's wife, she that was a Temple. She's got a real nice face I think. You know her folks was opposed to the marriage, but she finally hed her way. An' this is their oldest boy William. I don't think it's a very good likeness. He favors his mother, I think.

"Oh, Almiry, 'fore I fergit it, what become of Susan Baxter? I didn't hear nothing about her after she went away."

"Well, Mis' Spencer, she took to dress-making, and after a while she got tired of it, and went to millinery work. She's got a real nice store in one of the big towns."

"Do tell, Almiry! Well, that's real nice for Susan, isn't it? This is my cousin Hiram; I guess you never seen him. He went to sea, and brought things from India and them furrin countries. He sent me a real pretty piece of coral, and two handsome shells, and I had 'em on the doorstep

for a long spell, but a dog ran across't 'em one day and knocked them all to splinters. It was too bad, because they were beauties. He brought Betsey a handsome shawl. She's got it now packed in camphire, but some time ago the moths got in it, an' damaged it considerable.

"This is Hiram's wife. She was a kind o' pretty woman, but she wasn't very rugged, an' I guess she couldn't stan' the climate—she come from one of the Southern States—and she died some years ago. Now, who does that look like? Yes, that's me, but I've changed considerable sence then. I went over to the village with mother to hev that taken, and I had a new string of coral beads on; I was pretty proud I tell you. Is that Betsey coming up the street? No, I guess 'tish't. I thought it looked like her, though. I'm awful sorry she's out. She'd be real pleased to see you. A neighbor of ours is showin' her how to do some kind o' fancy work; I forget what they call it now. She's a great hand at that work, Betsey is. Well now, Almiry, you haven't said a word about yourself. How's your health?"

"Well Mis' Spencer," returned Mrs. Page, "I can't say that it's very good. I had a poor turn last winter, and I haven't got over it yet. I fell down the back stairs and sprained my ankle, and it hinders me walkin', I bein' so heavy, you know."

* * * * *

"It seems to me Betsey ought to be back by this time," murmured the hostess, peering anxiously out of the window. "Won't you stay to tea, Almiry?"

"No thanks, Mis' Spencer, I can't stop. I've got ter be back by dark. I come over with a friend o' mine; she's visitin' too, an' I thought I'd take the opportunity to see you. I guess I ought to be startin' along now; she'll worry if I don't. I've had a real nice time, Hope." Mrs. Page rose to go, and began putting on her bonnet. "Don't you suppose you could come over to my place some time?" she inquired.

"I dunno as I could," responded Hope

Spencer. "I'd love to, but I'm so busy I c'n hardly turn 'round. Well, good-by Almiry, come again when Betsey can see you. It'll be a real treat to her 's well as to me. Quite pleasant out, isn't it; guess we'll have an early spring. Good-by."

Mrs. Spencer stood watching her guest down the road until she disappeared around the turning, and then she turned and went into the house with a pleased smile on her kind face

CHARLOTTE H. DRAPER, '05

Rhymes.

H is for H - - l,
Who writes notes to us all,
And turns around always to laugh.
Once by counting we found
That six times she turned 'round,
In exactly two minutes and a half.

T is for T - r - d - k - ,
Who, when he was born, like
A lamb so quiet was he.
Now sad to relate,
This lad up to date,
Is as bad as a *good* boy can be!

R is for R - - d,
And not the least heed
He pays to what you may say.
But he sends valentines
With the *loveliest* lines,
On the envelope, too, by the way.

L is for L - w - y,
We cannot see how she
Gets History C. down so fine.
She knows all the Kings,
Queens, events and such things
And reels off the dates by the line!

M is for M - rs - ,
Who wastes all his force,
In constantly winking his eye.
If you look down his way,
Why nothing he'll say,
But he'll wink, then sigh—a Big Sigh.

LESLEY E. REED, '03.

1st Junior (with a pleased look at her report case)—Now, isn't that fine!

2nd Junior—What's fine?

1st Junior—Why, last month I got double F in Physics, and this month I only got F!

Shakespeare's Family on the Links.

All, or nearly all, of Shakespeare's numerous family play golf. On this particularly fine afternoon, they were out on the links in full force.

Jessica and Nerissa were resting after a game, and naturally their conversation turned on the various other members of the club.

"Look at Ophelia," said Nerissa. "Hasn't she got a lovely new suit!"

"Yes," answered Jessica, "the suit's all right; but look at that garland of flowers twined around her caddie bag. That's so dreadfully affected."

"It may be affected, but it calls attention to the fact that her suit is an imported one. They say there's insanity in the family, and Hamlet wants her to take the rest cure. He says he saw a ghost himself the other night. Speaking of flowers, did you ever hear of anything as ridiculous as the way Queen Titania is carrying on with that donkey of hers. She has him continually decorated with flowers—the most costly roses, too. I, myself, heard Peaseblossom tell Mustardseed that the language King Oberon used, when he saw her last florist's bill, was something scandalous. It's said that that's the reason he won't let her play golf," said Nerissa.

"Yes, and Katherine can't play, either, because Petruchio won't let her. How different she is since she married him! Why, she used to be a woman champion, and what a temper! Launcelot Gobbo could tell you many a tale of whacks he got on the head with her mashie when he caddied for her. Every time she missed a drive she would give him a blow that would have made him a fit subject for the hospital, if it hadn't been for the thickness of his skull. It's a refreshing change to see her so meek. I never could bear that girl!" exclaimed Jessica with considerable warmth.

"Nor I," answered Nerissa. "Now I like Portia much better. I was companion

to her before I was married. She's the best player in the club."

"I used to like her, but since that trial affair she's so mannish! And a perfect *fiend* for golf. She's got a divorce from Bassanio because he didn't play, and now the next one she marries must be a champion. She says she'll have no more choosing of caskets. No, I never liked her since she decided cruelly against poor papa," sighed Jessica.

"Oh, by the way, does Mr. Shylock, your father, play?" inquired Nerissa.

"No," said Jessica. "You see, I teased him until he had to let me play, but he says that to play himself, he should have to get a set of clubs and a new plaid gaberdine, and the only way to get the money back would be to be caddie-boy, and he is so rheumatic that he would rather stay out of it altogether than do that. He's here this afternoon, though, right over there smoking with Old Gobbo and King Lear."

"Well," Nerissa agreed, "it is rather costly to play golf and have a golf suit, too. Gratiano gave me my choice between a suit now and a raglan later, so I chose the coat. O, have you seen the Julius Cæsars out in their new auto? Calphurnia has a love of an automobile tunic, just from Paris, and Mr. Cæsar's automobile toga is magnificent."

"Why," objected Nerissa, "Calphurnia said that he didn't have time for golf. How can he spare time for automobiling?"

"Well, he goes around his domains to see that everything is all right. Aren't his business cards simple and neat? Just 'C. Julius Cæsar, Conqueror.'"

"Yes," said Jessica. "Watch Mark Antony try to make that green. He imagines he can use his cleek as well as he can use his tongue. Oh, hear those boys! He just made a bad shot and they all yelled, 'Oh, what a foozle was there, my countrymen!' Hitting him on his last speech, you know. Even Lady Macbeth could beat him if she didn't have to rub

her hands all the time, and so miss her play. Why, it's almost five o'clock," she added, looking at her watch. "I must call Lorenzo and go if we are going to take that car. I've enjoyed this game so much. Do come down sometime. We live at the same old place, just a block below the Rialto. Good bye!"

EVELYN HAMANT, '05.

Exchange Notes.

SONGS ADAPTED TO LIFE.

Seasick passenger: "There is a Happy Land."

The Foot-ball player: "After the Ball."

The book-keeper: "A Charge to Keep I Have."

A woman's reason: "Because."

The farmer: "What Shall the Harvest Be."

The type-setter: "The Mistakes of My Life Have Been Many."

The Crescent from the Hill house High School seems to have outdone itself in the February number. John Johnson, Experimenting Chemist, is one of the most interesting stories we have seen in a school paper.

Rule in Physics: The deportment of a pupil varies directly as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

"The Tripod Primer" in the Roxbury Latin School Tripod is a very good imitation of Eugene Field's Primer.

We are glad to welcome our old friends, The Jabberwock, The Chronicle and The Latin School Register.

Little drops of water

Freezing on the walk,

Make the naughty adjectives

Mix in people's talk.

The New Mexico Collegian far surpasses any school magazine we have seen. It is the first exchange that is read by most scholars.

"Stop joking," said Venus.

"I'm Sirius," answered the Dog Star.

Two ministers were disputing over a certain passage in Shakespeare and failing to agree, one said: "When I get to heaven I will ask Shakespeare about it."

"But what if Shakespeare didn't go to heaven?" objected the other.

"Well, then you may ask him," was the cool reply.

Seasonable Suggestions.

"Be not rash with thy mouth." (Thus said the preacher.)

This might mean so many things! It comes home to nearly every one, although in different ways. Does it mean for you, speaking ill of your neighbors, slandering, gossiping? Probably not quite that, but saying little uncalled for truths about some one which might just as well be left unsaid. To some of us it may mean speaking hastily when we're angry; to others, giving our opinions hastily, or on matters on which we aren't qualified to have an opinion. To a great many of us it undoubtedly means whispering; and to about as many (mostly girls) it means telling to one person what you don't *expect* him to tell to another.

Basket Ball.

The best game of basket ball the girls' team has played this year was played with Milton High School on Wednesday afternoon, March 12th, at Memorial hall, Canton. The Milton girls arrived shortly after three o'clock and the game began at

3.30. The girls were well matched, and the game was interesting. Although the score was 16 to 4 in favor of Canton, the teams had to work hard for each point. The slippery floor was a great inconvenience and a great many fouls were called on Milton for going over the lines. Only one accident occurred; one of the Milton girls threw the ball so high that it struck the chandelier and a shower of broken glass resulted. A return game will be played out of doors at Milton.

The line up was:

MILTON.

Miss Morrissey, rf
Miss Graham, lf
Miss Hill (Capt.), c
Miss Kelley, rbc
Miss McIntyre, lbc
Miss McGlone, lg
Miss Kersey, rg

CANTON.

Miss Fisher, rg
Miss Lowry, lg
Miss S. Hall, c
Miss Kennally, rbc
Miss O'Leary, lbc
Miss Hall, lf
Miss Nickerson, rf
(capt.)

Referees, Miss Estelle Littlefield, Milton; Miss Endicott, Canton. Linesmen, Miss Brown, Miss Marie Littlefield, Miss Lentell, Miss Owen. Scorer, Miss Fox, Timekeeper, Mr. Draper.

On Friday, March 14, the boys' team played the 2nd team of North Easton high at Canton Memorial hall. Dunbar and Savory played very fine games. Score 13 to 9 in favor of Canton.

NORTH EASTON.

Mitchell, rf
Williams, lf
Savory, c
Driscoll, rg
Middleton, lg

CANTON.

Fisher (Capt.) rf
Wentworth, lf
Bright, c
Dunbar, rg
Thorndike, lg

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